Wealth, or the Woody:

A

POEM

ON THE

SOUTH-SEA.

By Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

To which is Prefix'd,

A Familiar EPISTLE to *Anthony Hammond* Esq;

By Mr. SEWELL.

The SECOND EDITION Corrected.

LONDON;

Printed for T. JAUNCY at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar*. M.DCC.XX.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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AN

EPISTLE

TO

Anthony Hammond Eſq;

With the following POEM.

By a FRIEND.

IF, HAMMOND, I know who, and what you are,
You want no Praiſes, and no Cenſure fear;
To ſuch a Character I ſafely ſend
Theſe Lays, ſecure of Fame, if you commend.

YET as you teach, you willingly will hear,
And to *Trans-Tweedal* Muſes lend an Ear;
In native Words, where eaſy Numbers roll,
Brighter like *Stars*, as nearer to the *Pole*.
See then! how Nature and how Genius reigns,
As well on *Scotia*'s as *Arcadia*'s Plains;
While blithſome *Allan* bids the *Dryads* flock
From Woods to Town, and ſign to *South-Sea Stock*.
Great *South-Sea Stock!* O *Allan!* we muſt part,
That very Name has ſtole away my Heart.

YOU ſee, dear Sir, how ſoon I am betray'd,
And yet from hence ſome Inference may be made,

As

As ſaid a puzzled Prieſt (but not in Rhyme)
And then deferr'd it to another Time.

SO will not I, and if I could purſue,
Or anſwer half my pre-proportion'd View,
" I'd paint a *King*, by former Monarchs preſs'd,
" A ſinking People, and a Land diſtreſs'd;
" A Chaos Debt, that roll'd without Repoſe,
" But when he ſpoke, a new *Creation* roſe."

THUS far I try'd, but Numbers are in vain
To raiſe a HENRY's, or a GEORGE's Reign.

WHO could conceive ſuch Tides of Wealth to roll,
Till *Blount* refin'd the Scheme that *H*——*y* ſtole?

Where none repine, where ev'ry Burden's eas'd,
And e'en the Envious dare not ſeem diſpleas'd.

SEE there how each ſucceſsful in his Gain,
Imputes the Project to his own dear Brain;
The Publick Good within his Circle draws,
And looks with Scorn on *Fellows* and on *Hawes*:
None leave the Mart, retaining ſtill their Store;
Bid them retreat, they think they merit more.

FEW, very few, for nobler Ends deſign'd,
Have on the ſordid Uſe of Wealth refin'd,
Courted by Fortune, wiſely they careſt
The happy Minute, to make others bleſt;

Mourning

Mourning to ſee the laviſh Bounty thrown
On *Alley-Scouts* and *Stock-Jobbers* alone,
They took the wayward Goddeſs in the Mood,
And condeſcended to be *richly good.*

THESE we have ſeen, theſe, HAMMOND, we commend,
Who know the Value of a wanting Friend:
In ſuch a Harveſt gen'rous Spirits reap
Intrinſick Worth, and purchaſe Virtue cheap.
Such may *Knight* find, who gathers but to give,
And *Pack* and *Goode* into their Souls receive:
Such virtuous *Campbell* faſten to his Breaſt;
None know the Price of Merit, but the Beſt.

THUS

THUS, HAMMOND, in a looſe unpoliſh'd
Strain,
I recommend the *Scottiſh* Muſe's Vein;
Unapt to flatter, and in Wealth untry'd,
In this ſtrange Journey I but act the *Guide*;
And, like a *Guide*, may make the Country
known,
And yet not boaſt one Acre of my own.

WEALTH:

OR,

The WOODY.

Illi robur & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus——— HOR.

Daring and unco' ſtout he was,
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Braſs,
Wha ventur'd firſt upon the Sea
With Hempen Branks, and Horſe of Tree.

By Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

LONDON, Printed for T. JAUNCY. 1720.

TO
Mr. *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

TOO blindly partial to my native Tongue,
Fond of the Smoothneſs of our *Engliſh* Song;
At firſt thy Numbers did uncouth appear,
And ſhock'd th'affected Niceneſs of the Ear.
Thro' Prejudice's Eye each Page I ſee,
Tho all were Beauties, none were ſo to me.
Yet ſhame'd at laſt, whilſt all thy Genius own,
To have that Genius hid from me alone,
Reſolved to find, for Praiſe or Cenſure, cauſe,
Whether to join with all, or all oppoſe;
Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again,
At length the uſeful Search requites my Pain,
My falſe Diſtaſte to inſtant Pleaſure's turn'd,
As much I envy as before I ſcorn'd:
And thus the Error of my Pride to clear,
I ſign my honeſt Recantation here.

C. B.

AN

ODE

TO

ALLAN RAMSAY,

Occaſioned by his POEM on the SOUTH-SEA: And attempted in his Style.

By a Scots *Gentleman.*

I.

NOW, *Allie*, I maun fairly own
Your Pow ſhou'd wear the *Bays*,
Or Pouch be fill'd with Gowd tell'd down,
For your wiel worded *Lays*.

II.

I've read your *Wealth* or *Woody* o'er,
Wi' Fouk o' the *South-Sea*;
Wha ſaw ſome *Beauties*, hid afore,
When 'twas explain'd by *Me*.

III.

A' ſay ye are an unca' Chiel,
Ay blythſom, gay, and glad,
And ilka thing ye tell ſae wiel,
Grows greater by your * *Trade*.

IV.

I meet wi' nane wha dare deny,
That ye ſhou'd hae a Skair,
Whan Gowd, like Hail-ſtanes frae the Sky,
Is got withouten Care.

---

* N. B. *His being a Wig-maker, adds to his Character of a Poet.*

V.

V.

They own, and a' ſeem wiel content,
In *Stocks* their *Bard* ſhou'd be;
But ne'er a Saul will gie conſent,
To put you in, for me.

VI.

Ilk ane likes what he has ſae wiel,
That nane will quat the Grup,
And make a *Transfer* to a Chiel,
Wha drinks a toomer Cup.

VII.

I fear, my *Allie*, ye ſhall fare
Sic as my *ſell* has done,
For aft the wiſe Fouk gang A——bare,
Whan Fools bra' Breiks get on.

VIII.

Lang hae I, like the hungry Fox,
Glowr'd at the rich *South-Sea*;
But, wanting Cash, I find *my Stocks*,
As crabbed as *his Tree*.

IX.

Yet I'll no thraw my Gab and Gloom,
At them that's gotten Geer;
Far fairer Days may chance to cume,
Wi' Fortune leſs ſevere.

X.

Atho my Muſe, a paughty Witch,
Wad rather ſtarve than beg;
I may perchance at length grow rich,
Nor care for *Stocks* a Feg.

XI.

Aft hae I dawted her to ſing;
In Great *Newcaſtle*'s Praiſe;
Wi' *Sunderland* gar Mountains ring,
And *Crags* frae Mortals raiſe:

XII.

But ſhe, in ſpite o' me, jogs on
In her auld wayward way;
Tho I ſhould e'en pike a bare Bone,
Or faſt the live-lang Day.

XIII.

Tho' *Rothes*, *Iſla*, *Hynford*, *Stairs*,
Pack, *Mordaunt*, *Campbel*, *Knight*,
Gordon or *Goode*, wha hae large Skairs,
Bad me foul Fattery write:

XIV.

XIV.

Tho' a' thae Fouk are good as great,
And gather but to git;
Yet my daft Muſe wad yield to Fate,
Before ſhe tell'd a Lye.

XV.

Sic is the Temper o' the Jade——
Tho' in plain ſooth, my *Allie*,
'Twixt you and me, I wiſh I had
A *Paper Bonny-Wallie.*

XVI.

If ony ſonſy *South-Sea* Saul
Wad prove I am nae * *Poet*;
By putting in a Stock, tho' ſmall,
For me, he'll fairly do it.

* *Mr.* Ramſay *ſays, in his Poem,*
"For he's nae Poet wants the ſecond Sight.

XVII.

Allie, gen I ken you aright,
Ye'll quat for a round Sum,
A' Title to the *ſecond Sight*,
For ſiller's nae *ſour Plum*.

XVIII.

Wiel, may it be thy hap, dear Lad,
To hae Lands, Coach and Wine,
And high your Head 'mang rich Fouk had,
As now amang the *Nine*.

XIX.

Gang on to ſha, in native Lays,
How wiel a *Scot* can write,
Whan Merit gies a Theme for Praiſe,
And Nature does endite.

XX.

XX.

Whilſt I, ſcarce skill'd to make a Rhyme,
Admire your Warks ſae rare,
Wi' ſimple Sangs beguile my Time,
Nor * *have*, nor *want*, nor *care*.

---

* Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo. *The Author's Motto.*

J. M.

WEALTH:

OR,

The WOODY.

THALIA, ever welcome to this Isle,
Descend, and glad the Nation with a Smile;
See frae yon Bank, where *South-Sea* ebbs and flows,
How Sand-blind Chance *Woodies* and *Wealth* bestows:

Aided by thee I'll ſail the wond'rous Deep,
And throw the crouded Alleys cautious creep.
Ventorious Task to plough the ſwelling Wave,
Or in Stockjobbing preſs my Guts to ſave;
But naething can our wilder Paſſions tame,
Wha rax for Riches or immortal Fame.

LONG had the Grumblers us'd this murm'ring Sound,
Poor Britain *in her Publick Debt is drown'd!*
At fifty Millions late we ſtarted a',
And wow we wonder'd how the Debt wad fa',
But ſonſy Sauls wha firſt contriv'd the Way,
With Project deep our Charges to defray;

O'er

O'er and aboon it Heaps of Treaſure brings,

That Fouk be gueſs become as rich as Kings.

Lang Heads they were that firſt laid down the Plan,

Into the which the Round anes headlang ran,

Till overſtockt they quat the Sea, and fain wa'd be at Land.

Thus when braid Flakes of Snaw have clad the Green,

Aften I have young ſportive Gilpies ſeen,

The waxing Ba' with meikle Pleaſure row,

Till paſt their Pith, it did unwieldy grow.

'TIS ſtrange to think what Changes may appear

Within the narrow Circle of a Year;

How can ae Project, if it be well laid,
Supply the ſimple Want of trifling Trade!
Saxty lang Years a Man may rack his Brain,
Hunt after Gear baith Night and Day wi' Pain,
And die at laſt in Debt inſtead of Gain.

But O *South-Sea!* what mortal Mind can run
Throw a' the Miracles that thou haſt done?
Nor ſcrimply thou thy ſell to Bounds confines,
But, like the Sun, on ilka Party ſhines;
To Poor and Rich, the Fools as well as Wiſe,
With Hand impartial ſtretches out the Prize.

LIKE *Nilus* ſwelling frae his unkend Head,
Frae Bank to Brae o'erflows ilk Rig and Mead,

Inſtilling

Inſtilling lib'ral Store of genial Sap,

Whence Sun-burn'd Gypſies reap a plenteous Crap;

Thus flows our Sea, but with this Diff'rence wide,

But anes a Year their River heaves his Tide;

Ours aft ilk Day, t' enrich the Common-Weall,

Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings *Ægyptian Nile*.

YE Rich and Wiſe, we own Succeſs your Due,

But your Reverſe their Luck with Wonder view.

How without thought theſe dawted Petts of Fate

Have jobb'd themſells into ſae high a State,

By pure Inſtinct ſae leal the Mark have hit,

Without the uſe of either Fear or Wit.

And ithers wha laſt Year their Garrets kept,

Where Duns in Viſion faſh'd them while they ſlept,

Wha only durſt in Twilight or the Dark

Steal to a common Cook's with haff a Mark,

A' their hale Stock. —— Now by a canny Gale,

In th' o'erflowing Ocean ſpread their Sail;

While they in gilded Galleys cut the Tide,

Look down on Fiſher-Boats wi' meikle Pride.

MEAN time the Thinkers wha are out of Play,

For their ain Comfort kenna what to ſay;

That

That the Foundation's looſe fain wa'd they ſhaw;
And think na but the Fabrick ſoon will fa.;
That's a' but Sham——for inwardly they fry,
Vext that their Fingers were na in the Pye.
Faint-hearted Wights, wha dully ſtood afar,
Tholling your Reaſon great Attempts to marr;
While the brave Dauntleſs, of ſic Fetters free,
Jumpt headlong glorious in the Golden Sea;
Where now like Gods they rule each wealthy Jaw,
While you may thump your Pows againſt the Wa.

ON Summer's E'en the Welkin cawm and fair,
When little Midges frisk in lazy Air,

Have

Have you not ſeen thro' ither how they reel,
And Time about how up and down they wheel?
Thus Eddies of Stockjobbers drive about;
Upmoſt to Day, the Morn their Pipe's put out.
With penſive Face, whene'er the Market's hy,
Menutius cries, Ah! what a Gowk was I!
Some Friend of his, wha wiſely ſeems to ken
Events of Cauſes mair than ither Men,
Puſh for your Intereſt yet, Nae Fear, he crys,
For *South-Sea* will to twice ten hunder riſe.
Waes me for him that ſells paternal Land,
And buys when Shares the higheſt Sums demand:

He

He ne'er ſhall taſte the Sweets of riſing Stock,
Which ſaws neiſt Day: nae Help for't, he is broke.

DEAR Sea, be tenty how thou flows at Shams
Of *Hogland Gad'rens* in their froggy Dams,
Leſt in their muddy Bogs thou chance to ſink,
Where thou may'ſt ſtagnate, ſyne of Courſe maun ſtink.

THIS I foreſee (and Time ſhall prove I'm right;
For he's nae Poet wants the ſecond Sight)
When Autumn's Stores are ruck'd up in the Yard,
And Sleet and Snaw dreeps down cauld Winter's Beard;

When bleak *November* Winds make Foreſts bare,
And with ſplenetick Vapours fill the Air:
Then, then in Gardens, Parks, or ſilent Glen,
When Trees bear naithing elſe, they'll carry Men,
Wha ſhall like paughty *Romans* greatly ſwing
Aboon Earth's Diſappointments in a String.
Sae ends the tow'ring Saul that downa ſee
A Man move in a higher Sphere than he.

HAPPY that Man wha has thrawn up a Main,
Which makes ſome Hundred Thouſands a' his ain,
And comes to Anchor on ſae firm a Rock,
Britannia's Credit, and the *South-Sea* Stock.

Ilk blythſome Pleaſure waits upon his Nod,
And his Dependents eye him as a God.
Cloſs may he bend *Champain* frae E'en to Morn,
And look on Cells of Tippony with Scorn:
Thrice lucky Pimps, or ſmug-fac'd wanton Fair,
That can in a' his Wealth and Pleaſures ſkair.
Like *Jove* he ſits, like *Jove*, high Heaven's Goodman,
While the inferior Gods about him ſtand,
Till he permits, with condeſcending Grace,
That ilka ane in Order take their Place.
Thus with attentive Look mensfow they ſit,
Till he ſpeak firſt, and ſhaw ſome ſhining Wit:
Syne circling wheels the flattering Gaffaw,
As well they may; he gars their Beards wag a'.

Imperial Gowd, what is't thou canna grant?
Poſſeſs'd of thee, what is't a Man needs want?
Commanding Coin, there's naithing hard to thee:
I canna gueſs how rich Fouk come to die.

UNHAPPY Wretch, link'd to the threed-bare Nine,
The dazling Equipage can ne'er be thine:
Deſtin'd to toil thro Labyrinths of Verſe,
Dar'ſt ſpeak of great Stockjobbing as a Farce?
Poor thoughtleſs Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,
Thy flying Horſe, and bright *Apollo*'s Beams,
And *Helicon*'s werſh Well thou ca's Divine,
Are naithing like a Miſtreſs, Coach, and Wine.

WAD ſome good Patron (whaſe ſuperior Skill,
Can make the *South-Sea* ebb and flow at will)
Put in a Stock for me, I own it fair,
In Epick Strain I'd pay him to a Hair;
Immortalize him, and whate'er he loves,
In flowing Numbers I ſhall ſing, *Approves*;
If not, Fox-like, I'd thraw my Gab and Gloom,
And ca' your Hundred Thouſand a *ſour Plum.*

A. RAMSAY.

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